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THE

Commonweal

Metropolitan Crisis

FUTURE OF THE CITY

by Edward T. Chase

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THE PERSECUTED CHURCH . . . . . J. N. MOODY

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE
. . . . . FRANCIS E. McMAHON

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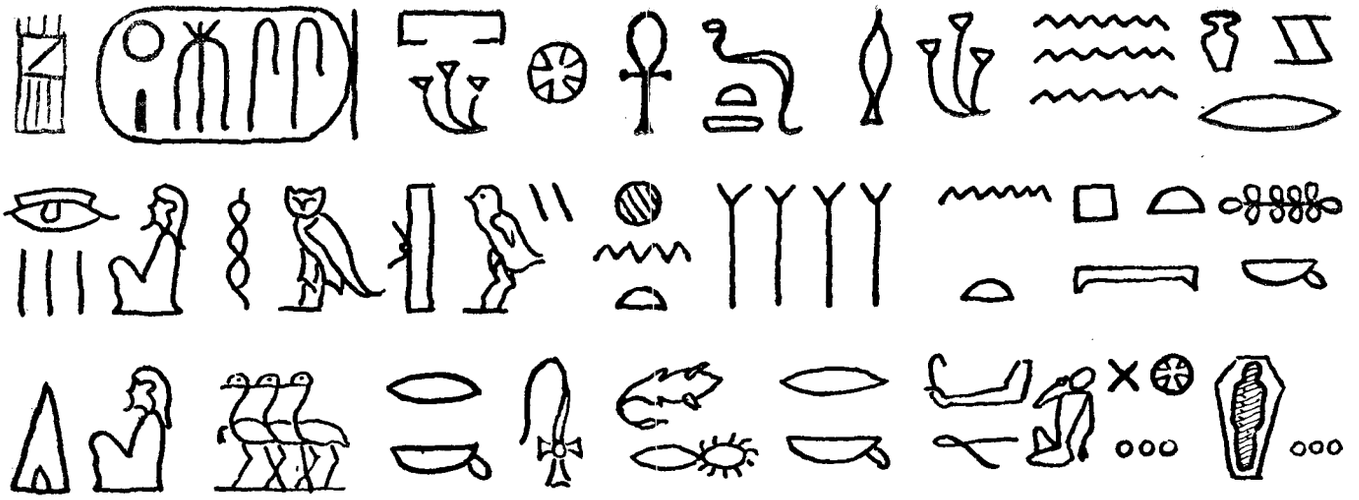

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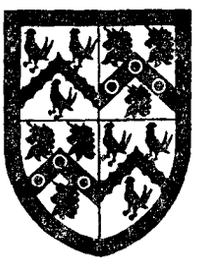

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE ELEMENTS AT LITTLE ROCK

IN THE LAMENTABLE train of developments resulting from the intervention of Governor Faubus in the conservatively planned beginnings of integration at Little Rock, national attention is focused on several key aspects. The President has encountered strong criticism for the mildness of his statements on integration, his judgment and handling of Mr. Faubus and his belatedness in taking action. The Governor has rightfully incurred the most vigorous castigation: for using the National Guard to bar the nine Negro students in the first place; for his protracted resistance to Federal Judge Davies' order; for his intensely inflammatory national broadcast about "naked bayonets"; for his threat to close the school through action of the State legislature. Over-all there is a strong feeling that he seeks by these tactics to advance his own political ambitions (such as they are) regardless of the dangerous tensions he is building up in many places.

The limits of State and Federal sovereignties are also up for widespread discussion. Historical precedents are plentiful for Mr. Eisenhower's dispatch of troops to the Arkansas capital, despite the inadequately supported claim that the request of a governor or State legislature is required by the Constitution. Moreover, the Little Rock incident has thrown into confusion the immediate prospects for school integration even in the border states now that such passions have been so needlessly aroused and nurtured. Few observers would assert that school integration can be successfully maintained by force alone. But what many Southern communities would have unwillingly accepted on the basis that it was the law of the land has now been thrown into jeopardy by the ordeal in Arkansas. Finally, the obstructing of integration at Little Rock has greatly impaired the standing of the United States as the champion of the rights of the human person or the bulwark of freedom against the Communist advance. Our prestige among the non-Caucasian peoples of the world has been especially impaired by this painful manifestation of racism.

AND ALL THE WHILE a series of individual human dramas has been taking place round and about Little Rock. Reporters on the scene have made some effort to size up the reactions of the students themselves. Even on the first day, when the Negro students were withdrawn after a single morning session, there was to be cited instance after instance of friendliness and encouragement on the part of white pupils. Later, when the Negroes returned under the protection of Federal troops, white pupils invited several of the Negroes to eat with them at the school cafeteria. There were no serious incidents within the school building itself even before the arrival of Federal troops.

Time and again, white students interviewed by reporters said that the tension and the disturbances were all of their parents' doing. They vehemently objected to such intervention and demanded to be allowed to work out the problem for themselves. The disorder that flared up at Little Rock was augmented by elements in the community ready to participate in such disturbances on any pretext and by outsiders who were attracted to the scene by the tremendous publicity resulting from the Governor's tactics.

Besides the large number that tended to countenance if not welcome the handful of Negroes in their midst has been a decided minority of students bent on making trouble. They have traded in jeers and insults and a few light blows; they have sought to persuade their fellow-students to abandon the

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school premises as long as the Negroes remain; they have furnished some of the most poignant picture material of the whole fracas. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that children have no spontaneous racial antipathies. Such animosities have to be induced. Here again the blame for the scandal of Little Rock has to rest directly on the shoulders of certain misguided adults who have succeeded in inculcating in their children such flagrantly unChristian attitudes.

And what of the nine Negro students who, with or without protection, have braved all manner of insult and danger to life and limb in order to secure a better education and set a precedent that will stand? They have proved to be patient and understanding with students who have abused them, duly responsive to gestures of friendship, undismayed. Reporters have observed them walking into Central High School laughing together and apparently relaxed in the face of the tension all around them. Their conduct under fire has further encouraged fellow-students who would welcome them into their midst. These nine are the true heroes and heroines of the affair. It is, in fact, the consistently fine and forbearing conduct of the Negroes involved in the difficulties accompanying integration and desegregation in the South which contains the greatest promise of an eventual solution consonant with our national ideals—that and the resistance to agitators on the part of so many white high school students in Little Rock.

THE CHAPLAIN AND THE UNIVERSITY

AFTER AN extended period of controversy and strained relations, one of the great universities in this country has withdrawn "recognition, courtesies and privileges" from the Catholic chaplain appointed to the school. The differences between the community of Princeton University and Father Hugh Halton, O.P., are no longer, unhappily, limited to the university area. They are now the concern not only of the students and faculty of Princeton, and of all interested Catholics, but of everyone who considers himself part of the intellectual community.

In 1952, Father Halton, a graduate of Harvard and Oxford, was assigned to Princeton, where, according to Dr. Robert F. Goheen, president of the university, he was warmly welcomed. Subsequently, however, Father Halton has come to criticize the university for "abusive liberalism and lack of any absolute standards of judgment." He

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THE COMMONWEAL
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has attacked, by name, faculty members, both Catholic and non-Catholic. He has strongly criticized the Princeton unit of the American Association of University Professors, charging that the members are "atheistic, and morally and politically subversive." He has told students from the pulpit of the Aquinas chapel that "we are being betrayed by teachers who prefer the Fifth Amendment to the Ten Commandments." Even more sweepingly, he said that "the teachings of some professors at Princeton are doing more harm than all the writings of Karl Marx taken together. America has more to fear from the mentality of its educators than from Khrushchev and Bulganin."

Nor has Father Halton limited his warnings to university students and faculty. He has repeated his attacks in advertisements in the school paper and in press conferences. Even further, he has developed his charges in addresses to various groups across the country.

The charges leveled by Father Halton are extraordinary, and his position as chaplain ensured that they would be heard. No university could long allow them to go unchallenged. While Father Halton's criticisms occasionally met with countercharges as sweeping and as unsubstantiated as his own, the university did not act hastily.

Before withdrawing university privileges from the chaplain, the university, Dr. Goheen stated, had attempted to arrive at an amicable solution. When none could be arrived at there was little choice. Dr. Goheen then issued the following statement: "Under cover of advancing the pursuit of truth he [Father Halton] has resorted to irresponsible attacks upon the intellectual integrity of faculty members. . . . His accusations in the past year have broadened into large, unsubstantiated charges of malfeasance against the administration of the university. . . . For tactics of this sort no university devoted to freedom of rational inquiry and debate need make a home."

All those who realize the great good that can be accomplished by Catholic chaplains at secular institutions can only be deeply aggrieved at the present situation. And, however reluctant one is to arrive at a judgment in such a disturbed situation, the responsibility, it seems clear, rests primarily on the Catholic chaplain.

It is with the deepest regret that in a controversy of this sort one must invoke the name of Jacques Maritain, a man whose own charity is as deep as his wisdom. But M. Maritain is so well known wherever there are honest and inquiring minds that he stands as a symbol of the highest values of the academic community. It would be impossible to question his abilities and integrity without questioning these values.

M. Maritain's distinctions are too numerous to catalogue; not only has he served as French Ambassador to the Vatican, and taught at such leading institutions as the Medieval Institute in Toronto, Columbia, Notre Dame and Chicago, but by unanimous vote of the Executive Council of the American Catholic Philosophical Association he was the first recipient of the Cardinal Spellman-Aquinas medal. He is, moreover, the author of such distinguished works as *The Degrees of Knowledge*, *Man and the State*, *True Humanism*, and *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*.

Of this honored scholar and teacher Father Halton has said, "Dr. Maritain does not have a very sound philosophical background," and he "refused Dr. Maritain the right to speak at the Aquinas Foundation at Princeton."

It is clear that there is neither restraint nor responsibility in such criticism of M. Maritain. By such charges Father Halton has criticized only himself. He has forfeited the respect any person must have to be effective in the academic world. In the name of reason, he has abandoned reasonable discussion. In the name of morality, he has affronted charity. In any truly intellectual community, at Princeton or elsewhere, such irresponsible charges can arouse only dissension. Much work — and charity—will be required before there is restored the friendship and respect which should exist between chaplain and university.

ET TU, EIRE?

AS IF it didn't have troubles enough, the U.S. State Department now has a new worry—the significance of Ireland's recent activities in the United Nations. Ireland's essential anti-Communism is unquestionable, of course, but the United States is concerned by the "neutralist" positions lately taken by the Irish delegation at the U.N.

First, during the debate on the Hungarian uprising, Mr. Frank Aiken, head of the Irish delegation, surprised and displeased U.S. diplomats, who were expecting automatic support of the United States position, by offering his own proposal for a mutual withdrawal of troops from Central Europe by the U.S.S.R. and the United States.

Mr. Aiken's next troublesome move was to suggest a four-power conference on the Middle East, which the U.S. opposes. And, most wounding of

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all to U.S. expectations, he voted with India and the Soviet bloc to put the issue of the admittance of Red China on the U.N.'s General Assembly agenda.

Like Ambassador Lodge, we are not sure what Mr. Aiken's votes mean, and we cannot predict Ireland's future role in the U.N. But neither are we sure that these developments are bad. If it does nothing else, the display of original and independent thinking by Mr. Aiken and his associates may prevent us from assuming mechanical and unyielding positions of our own.

Mr. Aiken's proposals, at least those pertaining to genuine and mutual troop withdrawal in Europe and a "hands off" policy by the great powers in the Middle East, cannot be rejected out of hand. Certainly Ireland is above any suspicion we might feel concerning India and the Afro-Asian nations, and Mr. Aiken's ideas at least deserve to be examined on their merits. We may find in the long run that it was a blessing in disguise to have been forced to make a new approach, to discard our automatic assumptions in our estimates of all the nations of the world.

THE LEGION AGAIN

AT THEIR RECENT national convention the American Legion adopted the usual series of resolutions. If the resolutions were predictable, they were no less deplorable. Once again the Legionnaires came out strong for super-nationalism, government authoritarianism and the over-riding of individual rights, heartless immigration quotas, and the harassment by Congressional investigating committees of any and all groups of which they disapprove.

Some of the specific resolutions called for "full-scale" Congressional investigations of the Fund for the Republic, UNESCO and the American Civil Liberties Union; "vigilance" against the "dangerous aspects" of recent Supreme Court decisions and support for the use of "sincere and patriotic informants" by investigating agencies; support for the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, to protect us from a "flood of undesirable and dangerous aliens"; amendment of the NATO Status of Forces treaty to limit the rights and powers of the host countries over U.S. military personnel; recognition of the late Senator McCarthy as "one of the foremost advocates" of "Constitutional principles."

The resolutions adopted by the Legion and the speeches delivered at their convention were given wide coverage in the daily press, as we suppose they should have been. The Legion is an important and powerful national organization, and its political commitments, whatever one may think of them, are after all news of some significance.

Nevertheless, despite their numbers and the loudness of their voice, one can't help feeling that the Legionnaires have made themselves an almost meaningless element in national affairs. Their list of resolutions, offered in the name of "Americanism," reveals a political outlook so perverse, so muddled, so far from contact with the realities of life in America, that they can no longer be taken seriously.

THE POPE ON SMOKING

WHEN POPE PIUS recently suggested to the Jesuits that they give up smoking, it never occurred to us that the tobacco industry would care much one way or the other. There are, after all, only about thirty-three thousand Jesuits in the world, and the effect of total abstinence from tobacco by all members of the Society of Jesus would hardly be very substantial. But with all the talk about lung cancer these days, the industry is apparently very public relations-conscious, and the Pope's remarks did not go unnoticed.

Writing in *United States Tobacco Journal* (founded, incidentally, in 1874 by Oscar Hammerstein I), editor William G. Reddan is reassuring. There are and have always been, he notes, people who violently oppose the use of tobacco on moral grounds—"fanatics," according to *Tobacco Journal* —but the Pope is not one of them. Quite the contrary, in fact. The Jesuits have a way of life that "is traditionally stricter than other segments of the clergy or the laity in general," the editorial said. "Actually the papal comments are in effect an endorsement of smoking as a source of pleasure for those not dedicated to a life of complete mortification or penance or sacrifice. That means, in other words, that smoking—in so far as the Pope is concerned—is a legitimate and wholesome means of human gratification, the voluntary avoidance of which makes life a little harder physically." The Pope's remarks therefore did not constitute an attack on the use of tobacco on moral grounds; instead, "the papal advice was rendered merely as a form of counsel or guidance to the members of clerical orders seeking to achieve a more rigorous spiritual life."

Got that straight, you non-Jesuits?

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Future of the City

"WE ARE MOVING INTO AN ERA WHEN MISUSE OF LAND BECOMES AN ANTI-SOCIAL ACT, LIKE SELLING POLLUTED FOOD OR HARMFUL MEDICINES"

EDWARD T. CHASE

LEWIS MUMFORD once warned that Americans are as unprepared to understand their country's headlong metropolitan growth as the inhabitants of Ur or ancient Babylon. Today his words are assuming a new urgency, or should, for all of us expecting to be around in the 1970's, and certainly for our children.

By then the revolutionary mutation that our land is undergoing will be vividly evident, and perhaps desolatingly so. Ninety-seven per cent of the nation's population growth of the last five years occurred within our metropolitan areas, and an additional fifty-five million is due in them by 1975. It will be necessary between now and then to have built something equivalent to fifty cities the size of San Francisco to accommodate us. This is a growth that is inevitable, plans or no plans, like it or not.

America's unpreparedness for the urban boom is quite comprehensible. The modern metropolis with a population in the millions is a recent phenomenon, though few realize this. It is a kind of habitat created and made viable by modern transportation, which delivers sustenance to its multitudes from afar and which at the same time it now mortally threatens with super congestion. The swiftness of the metropolitan expansion is what is so unsettling—not to the general public, to be sure, which is fed a sweet diet of the blessings of the automobile, of ever greater per capita wealth deriving from a population increase which means new markets, new highway-oriented communities, the two-car family, etc. But it does alarm a growing number of planners, governmental and civic leaders.

Swiftness, when one talks of urban structure, of steel and concrete buildings and eight-lane highways, is not in terms of months or even years. It means transformations occurring within a decade or two, changes of a character hitherto associated with centuries and, unfortunately, destined to endure if not for centuries, at least for many years, until what has been heedlessly built has to be torn down, though so often it was obsolete from the start.

What is happening is a proliferation of urban and suburban plant—streets, gas stations, houses, factories, apartments, stores, offices—undirected by coordinated thought or principle. We have no accepted philosophy of urban structure and design ready to accommodate this vast new growth or even to utilize properly the new technologies and materials that could ease the task. Even more basically, we suffer from the fact that land use planning in America is in its infancy. The upshot is that our environmental destinies are likely to be determined by the tract developer and the five percenter. In the matter of community structure, the quick-profit system of a free enterprise, individualistic society exacts a cruel price for the dollar values it produces: the ugliness and congestion which mock the statistical rise in our so-called standards of living. Schools, sewage, water supply, soil conservation, downtown commerce, architecture, mass transit, recreation, parks, family life, social life—all of these are drastically affected.

It is true that a number of our large cities have impressive urban redevelopment programs under way. It is also true that zoning, some of it valuable, has become generally accepted by townships and villages throughout the country. Yet the redevelopment projects are far too few and too narrow in scope. And the zoning is lamentably late, after disorder and wasteful exploitation have held sway. Inadequate financing and public apathy frustrate our metropolises from ever catching up on their slums (especially when so much new city housing and cheap suburban development start virtually as slums). Community zoning is all too frequently vitiated by the opposition of the smaller entrepreneurs, the Main Street business interests fearful of any possible interference with their business.

MEANWHILE, our great cities have long since outgrown their archaic formal boundaries, and the result is that no over-all governmental authority exists to minister to the needs of metropolitan area populations. Conflicting jurisdictions are the rule, small

Mr. Chase has long been concerned with the problems of urban development and highway planning. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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wonder in a country with 102,353 governmental units sharing authority in the land (Bureau of Census report, May 9, 1957). Planners decry this situation, arguing that the essence of planning today must be its consideration of the immense new interdependent metropolitan areas created by the highway. But such planning raises the nice question of how to preserve our cherished local initiatives, how to resist encroachment of centralized bureaucratic government and withal serve these mushrooming areas.

All this, however, is besides Mumford's, and my, point. The question we are going to have to face is not so much whether or not we have expedients to cope with the immediate metropolitan crisis or even whether, given our kind of society, redressing the situation may be, as the Neo-Malthusian urbanists seem to suggest, hopeless. The question we must face is what kind of environmental arrangements do we want, what urban philosophy do we hold?

There are, in fact, several master concepts of metropolitan design available to us from today's handful of seminal thinkers in architecture and planning. We have, for example, the Broadacre City notion of Frank Lloyd Wright that envisions in effect the end of the city as we know it. His ideal arrangement is extreme dispersion, low density even in commercial areas, with each residence to provide an acre per person, and access to workplace, marketing, social life, etc., to be realized by car and plane. There is no true center although there are many minor centers, at highway junction points. Of course, while with this arrangement we may gain the countryside, we lose the urban concentration that has given Western man his culture.

Le Corbusier's celebrated idea of the *Ville Radieuse* is an equally unlikely Utopia. Its heart is the skyscraper, housing business and apartments (for the wealthy) at a density of twelve hundred persons per acre. Surrounding this are to be heavily-populated residential districts of uniform apartment buildings. Relief is then dramatically afforded by the next ring—the agricultural greenbelt, to be left uncompromised by any urban structures save the rapid transit lines connecting with garden cites beyond, which form the final outer ring.

The greenbelt is essential even to machine-addicted, city-loving Le Corbusier, and indeed it is almost an instinctual yearning in all planners, in all men, perhaps. Ebenezer Howard's articulation of this at the turn of the century (*Garden Cities of Tomorrow*) persists. It has guided the modern British experiment of the new towns, self-sufficient communities of limited size insulated by the greenbelt from the blighted metropolis. The metropolis, in turn, relieved of its congested masses by its peripheral garden cities, is given respite to renew itself, or so the Garden City advocates contend. At present, some fourteen such new towns are being built in England, with populations of from fifty to eighty thousand. Rational land use planning is exemplified on a level so far unattained anywhere in the U.S.A.

The American planner Clarence Stein, among many others, reflected such thought in his idea for an extensive metropolitan area of medium-sized towns closely interrelated by parkways but separated by greenbelts, which Stein called the Regional City. It is a rejection of the old metropolis with its insufferably congested, disorderly core. It contemplates residence and work in each community, with each unit equally accessible to the next via car or plane, and each, therefore, able to function largely as a self-sufficient center yet also able to specialize, since by virtue of each unit's being equally accessible, the group as a whole would remain an organically unified metropolis.

WHAT IS INVOLVED in all these master schemes is the control of disorder, the limiting of congestion, the provision of rural amenities in the urban setting, the possibility of beauty, the elimination of waste—waste of air, of good land, of potential privacy, cleanliness, harmony. Modifications of these urban designs are partially realized here and there. The currently celebrated Victor Gruen of Northland Shopping Center fame offers his remedy—the elimination of the car in the city and the development of pedestrian-oriented "clusters." The city is then a pattern of residential clusters, social clusters, business and commercial clusters, actually islands of special activities connected with each other by pedestrian overpasses and subterranean public trafficways. The clusters make up constellations, which in turn are separated by agricultural greenbelts, orchards, reservoirs, lakes for recreation. Ringing the city proper are arterial highways, and it is here, on the outer ring, that the car is parked, in multiple-level parking structures. People and goods are to move into the pedestrian core via underground roads, with materials moving by conveyor belt systems and people by rapid mass transit.

The crucial innovations are the elimination of the car and the street grid pattern, with its waste of land and its hopeless attempt to do the impossible, to serve as right-of-way for mechanized traffic, as storage space for vehicles, as the delineators of our structures, which because of the traffic become unbearable locations for residence and work.

The empiricist Gruen launches his attack directly at the automobile, the source of our urban woe. It takes a bold man to do this, in the face of statistics revealing that use of mass transit has slipped to levels of a half-century back and that Americans apparently have made a final commitment to the automobile as their mode of travel. Gruen's Fort Worth plan, when

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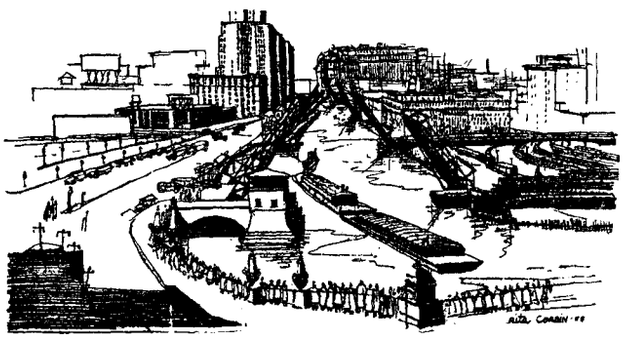
and if it is carried out, will be a radical test of Americans' willingness to undertake two old-fashioned practices: riding in public conveyances and walking on their own two feet.

Save for Britain's new towns, none of these radical schemes has been carried out on a major scale. Yet they continue to influence planners and there are compelling reasons to believe that circumstances will force gradual adoption of some of their principles as the pinch of people, cars, resources and space intensifies. Great practical questions, pressed upon us by circumstances, are now just beginning to be debated. How do we distinguish between desirable urban concentration and congestion? Do our shrinking land resources warrant governmental control of land use? Must the public be the captive audience of the billboard industry and the automotive supply industry? How can we make our public housing developments something more than ghettos? What, right now and today, are we to make of the public commitment to the auto? Do we eliminate rail rapid transit or do we try to enhance it? Do we capitulate with eight-lane highways —and what of the relative costs? Are downtown centers already too moribund to justify the capital investment of new mass transit facilities?

THESE ARE SOME of the imponderables confronting our major cities today, in the face of over-all metropolitan area growth, a continuing suburban exodus, a changing complexion in the city proper's class structure, a slow decline in downtown employment, a cataclysmic increase in car registrations (the car birth rate has caught up and passed our human birth rate).

All this is the background against which an unprepared America must face the extraordinary fact of the gigantic new Federal Highway Program. Size is not the only remarkable feature of the program—at one hundred billion dollars it is about six and a half times greater than the combined costs of the W.P.A. and the P.W.A.—but the fact that half the funds will be spent in our metropolitan areas, and that planners are already fearful that it may compound our metropolitan congestion rather than relieve it. Oddly enough, the program derives from an administration averse both



by tradition and temperament to long-hair planning, yet backing a program that will have an immense effect in determining the environmental features of our national life.

The program will take about fifteen years. It will link by expressways ninety per cent of all our cities of fifty thousand population and up. It may well touch off the greatest speculative land boom we have ever known. Some two million acres of land will be condemned for roads; ninety thousand homes a year will be moved or destroyed for right-of-way.

What a few of our most perceptive planners have been quick to recognize is that the highway program, coming at this time of convulsive metropolitan crisis, brings into focus most of the accumulating problems of our cities. The pressing need, accordingly, is to bring together groups that have hitherto been isolated from one another—on the one hand the highway planners and engineers; on the other the housing and urban redevelopment authorities and the city planners. Each has worked quite apart from the other, often with disastrous results. And complicating this picture is the fact that the actual job of planning and building the highways is left to state highway departments lacking in the necessary planning talent and even in sufficient civil engineers.

Why it is crucial for these disparate groups to coordinate their research, thinking and plans is the proven but ignored fact: congestion cannot be overcome by highways alone; transport—highways, cars, trucks—cannot by itself solve its own dilemma. It is essential that a balance be achieved in a master community plan between the volume of traffic generated by the uses to which urban land is put and the transport facilities to handle the traffic. In other words, land use planning is basic. Without it, unplanned development will only multiply the traffic needs.

Under the impact of the highway program, we are going to have an America disposed in vast metropolitan areas oriented to the controlled-access highways, extending strip fashion over scores and indeed hundreds of miles, cities running into cities, cities in all probability scaled to America's sacred cow, the automobile, which in our time, at least, will apparently not be profaned by more basic human considerations. The sort of habitat we can anticipate will be more on the order of a Los Angeles, thus, than a New York, a cheerless prospect for many of us and one that can be avoided only if we give form to our growth, form stemming from a master plan.

SOMETHING very like this is not far off. Looming only a little beyond this is a more fundamental prospect. This is the fact, which Americans are very slowly becoming aware of, that we are moving into the era of limited land, the era when misuse of land

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becomes an anti-social act, like selling polluted food or harmful medicines.

R. L. Duffus's insight has frequently been quoted: "Every nation has a national myth, without which it would not be a nation but a mob. The open spaces in America are the symbol of our myth." There is no question, even with the loss of our old frontier, but that this myth has exerted and continues to exert a powerful influence on Americans. Yet, inexorably, pressing material circumstances must decisively modify our myth, even as myth. It is a striking fact that the spatial growth of our metropolitan areas is increasing at a much greater rate than their populations. At a recent urban conference at Princeton it was revealed that in the New York area each additional million of population from the years 1900 to 1940 resulted in an increase of seventy-one square miles in the urbanized area. Between 1940 and 1954, each added million needed one hundred forty-five square miles. It is estimated that for every additional million people in the future some one hundred seventy-five square miles will be required.

By the year 1975, when the highway program will be finished, about seven hundred more square miles will have been given over to urbanization in the New York area, *a seventy per cent growth in land area as compared with twenty-seven per cent growth in population.* Nationwide, it is estimated that by then the country's metropolitan areas will cover approximately double the land area they do now, requiring some ten thousand square miles of new urban land.

I will not venture into the many ramifications of this —for example, what changes in living quality and city form such a major change in dimensions will bring about—but I will draw some inferences. One, of course, is that this development is speeding the day when the land-use planner will come into his own. Already we see in Santa Clara County, California, for example, a move whereby the county has set aside twenty-six square miles of its best farmland strictly for farming, in the face of a monthly influx of some four thousand inhabitants. A similar agricultural greenbelt has been established by law in Merced, California, to preserve its arable land, and comparable plans have been made for Oak Ridge in Tennessee, Ravenswood, West Virginia, and other mushrooming localities.

These are essential beginnings. Land density, the number of people per square mile, is increasing fantastically under the population boom and more especially under the motor vehicle boom. (In Westchester County the increase in cars is at a rate three times greater than the increase in people!) What will become important here as the decades roll on to a population of two hundred to two hundred fifty millions is that we do not allow planless growth to decimate our best soil acreage, our finest natural resources and our natural beauties. This is what has been happening, although today we already have the knowledge to direct this growth to less productive soils.

As of today, our tillable fields amount to three acres per capita. In under fifty years, they will amount to about one and a half acres per capita, according to *The American Oasis,* the recent authoritative work by Edward Higbee. This need be no matter of alarm *if,* among other things, we undertake sensible land use planning.

Not long ago, at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, best opinion indicated the world could grow food to sustain a population of fifty billion, a rather remote prospect in light of the fact that world population is now only two and a half billion. With our present and future technology the problem, in all probability, is not going to be one of mass starvation from shrinkage of land. But the challenge will be, not only in America but on the rest of the inhabited planet, how to handle this precious and fragile resource of land so as to make our environment more livable, more pleasing as well as more efficient, to preserve it from material waste and aesthetic pollution. In America, especially in our metropolitan areas, we are becoming aware of the desecrating effects the automobile can have. The Federal Highway Program will inevitably heighten this awareness. Let us hope that it will soon impel us into action.

DIANA

Who would recall this pool, away from paths,
Except a hunter? Yet the leaves uncover
A slow movement of white and silver—bathing,
A woman bathing, and adolescents lifting
Pitchers as bright and slippery as dolphins.
Clearness rolls on their wrists, along her shoulder;
Cold ripples trace and touch her quivering.

Suddenly crowding, knees and thighs together,
They fling their arms up stiffly, in a sharp
White fence about her. Syllables run high,
Suggestive as the syllables of birds.
Is it a mime, some play of intimacy
That will resolve in water and laughter splashed
From pitchers?

The episode has passed without an ending:
Trembling for something, narrow nymphs step back;
Silver mouths go down, swallow the light
That lay in arcs across the pool; and just
The crack of branches, the confident bay of hounds.

JANET FISCALINI.

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AFTER LITTLE ROCK

LITTLE ROCK has dramatized what we have all known for a long time—many of us in America are not ready to practice what we preach.

This kind of contradiction is true not only of Americans but of men generally. Certainly all Christians do not practice what they preach, nor I suppose do all Moslems, Buddhists, Theosophists or Ethical Culturists. But as Christians we beg others not to judge our teachings by our personal failings, and we get away with it. I am not sure that as Americans we can make a similar plea. We can not get away with paraphrasing Chesterton: "Americanism has not failed because Americanism has not been tried." For the American idea is not a transcendent spiritual ideal like Christianity; it is a political consensus which has meaning only to the extent that it is practiced. Though we may speak piously, even righteously, about equality, if we practice discrimination, discrimination for the world at large becomes the American idea. The American idea, for those who study us, is not what we preach but what moves us to action and determines our behavior. Mr. Dulles and Company can preach at the rest of the world until they are blue in the face, but their preachments are meaningless if Americans do not behave the way they say we do.

There are many issues lurking in the Little Rock affair—the question of Constitutional authority, States Rights, the role of the Presidency, to name just a few. But Mr. Dulles and Company do not tell the world about the technical brilliance of our Constitution; they do not deliver themselves of pieties about the relationship of the States to the Federal Government; they are not trying to win the world's soul by convincing it that the exact role approved for the Presidency is a masterpiece of statecraft.

What they are out to sell is the idea that our kind of government is government of the people, by the people, for the people and that with us everybody is the people—there are no second-class citizens or inequalities before the law. They are out to sell the idea that in the United States when government acts—whether it be the President appointing a Supreme Court justice or the Village of Centerfield setting up a public school—it is color-blind. Americans as Americans, whatever their personal gifts or failures may be, are equal.

The mob at Little Rock spitting and screaming and beating up Negroes makes life difficult for Mr. Dulles and Company. So do the white supremacists at Levittown, Pennsylvania. So, a few years ago, did the crowd outside the home of a young Negro veteran in Cicero, Illinois. As a matter of fact, in one way or another, all of us do. I should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Dulles and Company were becoming discouraged.

Now Walter Lippmann has suggested that Mr. Dulles should step down from the pulpit, as it were, and tell the world frankly that we are not all we say we are—like a preacher taking his turn at the mourner's bench. That way we would at least have the grace of humility. It is our righteousness, rather than our sinfulness, that the rest of the world finds unforgivable. Our pretensions overburden us.

Ordinarily I am of the opinion that civil law should not reflect men's pretensions but their practices. Moses tolerated divorce because of the hardness of men's hearts. Such tolerance did not constitute a divine approval of divorce; it did bespeak disapproval of the state of men's hearts. When it comes to law-making we have much to learn from Moses.

I think prohibition was a bad law for a nation of people who wanted to drink. I think a law to ban birth control would be a bad law in the U.S. I can not approve of the Protestant Council's crusading enthusiasm for anti-bingo laws in New York. I would be opposed to a law which would put a man in jail for blasphemy. Good law is not the simple transference of moral prescriptions into juridical proscriptions.

Should I then disapprove of the Supreme Court's anti-segregation decision? All the evidence indicates that the white South was not morally ready for it.

If it were a question of morality alone, I would answer that what is not acceptable to the people at large should not be made civil law. But Little Rock was not just a question of social morality. People's rights were at stake. And where the equal rights of equal citizens is the issue, the law can not consider acceptability. Its majesty must be put at the service of the rights of all who live under it. This of course complicated the Little Rock situation.

If the Supreme Court's decision were just a question of legally enforcing a morality which the South is not moral enough to observe, I would think of it as bad law. But, in the United States, protecting the rights of all citizens and their equality before the law is not just *a* law, it is the essence of all law.

And this, I think, should be Mr. Dulles' message to the world—not that we are models of democratic virtue and brotherly love, which we clearly are not, but that our government is so organized that, in a manner of speaking, it stands ready to protect people who have to walk down dark streets where thieves prowl.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Visit to Israel

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

THE KEYNOTE of Israel is diversity. Diversity of landscape, of economic set-up, of political opinion, of cultural background, of religious expression—and all this among the Jews themselves. This diversity brings interesting contrasts and also unexpected situations—for instance, the presence of the welcoming committee which greeted us at the Mandelbaum Gate not only with friendly words, but also with ice-cold orange juice, and this right in the small room of the Jordan-Israel border police station. "Sit down. Take your time." Never had passport visas been so pleasant; it almost turned into "a social."

At sundown, Friday evening, as all the shops closed down and a general hush fell on New Jerusalem, we might have thought that diversity was no more. Saturday morning, dressed in our Sunday best, men with hats and women in their longest-sleeved dresses, we followed our Orthodox guide through parts of the city where the strictest observance of the Sabbath makes it impossible for a taxi to go through. We left our taxis at a safe distance and walked through the deserted streets.

In the silence arose the sound of chant. And unexpectedly and noiselessly a strange figure appeared from around a corner—a strongly built man wearing a large, flat fur hat and a half-length black silk coat tightly held at the waist by a cord. It was hot for such a garb, the traditional Sabbath garment for Eastern European Jews. We saw earlocks of all sizes and magnificent beards of all shades and colors. We saw men wrapped majestically in shawls, others wearing colored conic hats somewhat reminiscent of the fez, others with turbans and large felt hats.

The synagogues were small and distinctive. Inside, drapes of various colors were hung in loose and somewhat disorderly fashion, and without any of the familiar Western concept of the matching of colors or materials. The men's chant was accompanied by a variety of swaying movements individually performed, apparently without concern for a group expression. People moved about; little boys went through the crowd freely. In the women's section where I sat behind the lattice partition, ladies in ample dresses, and bedecked with veils, shawls and jewelry, carried on discreet conversations. Unlike the Arabs, their faces were not covered, and everywhere I went I was struck by the soft motherly beauty and distinction of their expression. "Shabatt Shalom"—they made room for us graciously.

Polish, Russian, Hungarian synagogues. The Moroccan Jews, who fled Morocco after the withdrawal of the French. The Egyptian Jews, of whom thirty per cent are disabled, blind or crippled and who could find asylum nowhere after the Sinai campaign. The Yemenites, who in the past had been forbidden to go out when it rained because a Jew would defile the rain. They could neither own nor ride a camel because in so doing they would stand higher than a walking Arab. And so, through the centuries, their liturgical chant has become punctuated by a sort of discant—the melody sung by the Arabs as they ride on their camels has been incorporated. So once a week the Yemenite rode a camel, an imaginary one. As he swayed to the animal's rhythm in the synagogue, he sang the rider's song, only with different words. The Arab words referred to Allah and world victory through the sword. The Yemenite still chants "God is One. We are helpless but not hopeless. The angel of God will come and carry us away." It did, in the form of a plane. And now the Yemenites are here in Israel. They come and go, even when it rains, and if they so wished, they could ride camels. Will their children sing the same song?

The pavements are a clean, pale gray, and the white stone houses shine in the sun. We walk slowly, respectfully, as behooves Shabatt, and we are glad to notice only friendly faces. Suddenly, a pungent odor reaches us. Our guide opens a door, and we are in a vaulted room, with brick ovens at the back. Fifteen inches from the floor, resting on wooden trestles, are rows and rows of aluminum cooking pots which have just been taken out of the ovens where they were placed the day before, just prior to sundown. No cooking on Shabatt. We lift a few lids: a fragrant smell arises from the steaming pots. Outside, the crowd of women chatter and laugh—they have come to take home the family's meal. Of course, there are plenty of people in Israel who complain over the too rigorous observance of the Sabbath. The absence of public transportation is the greatest inconvenience—for instance, people cannot take their families to the beach. Probably, in time to come, there will be an easing of

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the regulations, but now the government does not want to make an issue with the Orthodox.

IN THE ARAB villages in Israel (there are 200,000 Arabs in Israel now) women always seem to work and men to gossip. I was told that in one of these villages, where the only well is half an hour's walk from any house, Mrs. Meir came to the opening of a new road leading to the market place (only men are merchants). The Arab women, who in Israel have legally the same rights as men, displayed an immense pride in the fact that a woman, Mrs. Meir, had achieved such prominence in the country, but commenting on the new road, they said: "You have done something good for the feet of our men" (when they go to market). "Now, do something for our heads, the heads of women." In other words, pipe the water so that we do not have to carry it so far on our heads.

It will take time, but even in Arabian countries women are stirring. In Turkey, since Ataturk, progress is swift. In other places it is slower, but it will come. Maybe some of the girls who live today in refugee camps will be the ones to push forward and help Arab women to gain their freedom. I witnessed a play in Jordan put on by refugee girls who, a few months ago, were totally illiterate and without interest and hope. They were full of enthusiasm; their eyes sparkled; they were intensely alive, indeed the first Arab women I had seen who seemed to love life. In Israel, where primary education is compulsory for all, only fifty per cent of the Arab girls turn up, because their parents keep them home. But that is not such a bad beginning. The fifty per cent who attend will have children and perhaps all their daughters will be educated, and gradually the new way will permeate the whole of the Arabian communities. Time. Over and over again. Time is needed for so many of the problems of the Middle East.

At the Druze Village of Isfya, way on the top of the mountain, we were welcomed by men and offered refreshments and fruit in abundance. Upon our inquiring why no women were present, we were told: "The Druzes do not let women meet strangers. But," added our smiling host, "you come back in ten years, and probably the women will meet you."

This is a hopeful perspective, provided they do not meet us with guns. It is no pleasure to me that in Israel young girls learn how to dismantle and clean light weapons and how to shoot. Woman is made for life and not for death. It would be very sad if a wrong conception of equality had resulted in women bearing arms. It is true that in the pioneer days in America women had also to be prepared to shoot, to defend their homes and themselves. It is the same in Israel today, especially in the border settlements where nineteen-year-old boys and girls may serve one of the two years of their military service. According to the Israelis, the girls in service are meant only for emergency cases. I have even heard it said that, as soon as there is peace with the Arabs, women's conscription might be recalled entirely, or changed into a civil service.

It is hopeful to notice that, so far, conscription does not seem to have masculinized Israeli girls, who remain feminine and charming. Maybe the men have something to do with this, being themselves very masculine.

TO VISIT ISRAEL now is a unique experience. Within ten or fifteen years the atmosphere will be totally different. The children of today will then set the pace of the country. At present, the adults are people from the Diaspora, whether they came thirty, twenty, ten or two years ago. They are people weighed down by their memories of insecurity and fear. They remember, but their children won't. And that is what makes the older people so happy and so hopeful despite the pioneering hardships. "But what about the threats at your borders," I inquired. "Isn't this insecurity all over again?" "Yes, but of another brand entirely. If we are attacked we can defend ourselves. We have given back the children not only a country but the human dignity of defending oneself. For two thousand years we were unable to fight back. Now we can. That's why we are confident that in their time the children will tackle all the problems which besiege Israel. Our share was to give them Israel. We fought for it. They will assure its continuity."

Everyone here seems bent toward the future, and how understandable that is! They are even optimistic regarding the Arab question and the refugee problem. Nothing seems too hard or too grim after the centuries of helplessness.

Many of the everyday difficulties which assail the housewife in Israel may be judged particularly irksome to present-day American wives, but not so to Europeans, nor to an American of a hundred years ago. Most of the cooking is done with kerosene. Electricity is very expensive and, therefore, ironing is a luxury. The housework has to be a general and thorough cleaning every single day on account of the cockroaches which flourish in hot climates. There are no washing machines and soap is of poor quality. Food spoils easily; refrigerators are a necessity, but many people have to be satisfied with old-fashioned iceboxes. The average apartment is two and one-half rooms, which means that the parents sleep in the living room and that one of them cannot be sick. Serious cases are cared for at the hospitals, but there are still too few of them. Salaries are low, taxes heavy, prices very high. The economic aid program has gone entirely for the care of the near million and a half immigrants.

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If the mass immigration tapers down, and if peace with Arab countries makes it possible to reduce military expenses, Israel, I was told, will be able to stand on its own feet. Exports are already productive in the citrus fruit industry and cement.

Meanwhile, women have to work outside and keep house at the same time in order that the family may afford to bring up the children according to what many Israelis consider a minimum standard—that is, through secondary school. There are competitive scholarships for secondary education, but the number of government scholarships is limited and the exams very stiff. Therefore many fairly good students cannot meet the requirements. The cost for one year is about three hundred dollars, plus transportation, books and lunches. Young people learn to be very economizing. They study together, have no dates and marry young, often before completing university studies. This means that, often, parents support them through their second child.

But all this is nothing compared to freedom, and the right to defend it. However, even now, the freedom of Israel is unlike the freedom of other countries. The Israelis say, "France can be defeated and still France remains. But Israel cannot be defeated: it means annihilation. So for us, it's stay or die."

"MELANCHOLY CATALOGUE"

The Persecuted Church

J. N. MOODY

TO SAY that the Catholic Church is being ruthlessly crushed in Communist lands is not news. Yet even the best informed have much to learn about the scope of this persecution, its systematic methodology, and its partial success.

The Red Book of the Persecuted Church by Albert Galter (Newman. $5.75) relates a drama both old and new. Old, for the effort of the state to deny the independence needed by the Church for her spiritual activity has been a constant since the first preaching of the Gospel. "Two there are, O August Emperor," were the opening words of the fifth century protest of Pope Gelasius. But rarely has the civil power fully recognized this duality, and the resulting conflict has taken many forms from the Caesars to the monarchs of the Old Regime. Even the Constitutional states of the nineteenth century which granted spiritual freedom in theory were often inclined to hedge in practice. The modern totalitarian states, therefore, are not distinctive in their denial of freedom to the Church to carry out her mission. What is new in these regimes is the motivation, the techniques of repression, and the thoroughness of their application.

The Communist assault upon the Catholic Church is rooted in an ideology that will admit no real compromise with religion. The Communist adds to this doctrinal rigidity a great tactical flexibility that makes the attack much more effective. The Communist in power is quite ready to relax pressure when circumstances are unfavorable and to increase it when it is judged that it will have its greatest effect. It is this combination of continuity of purpose with pliability of means that makes the assault upon religion by the Communists so formidable. They are free to play for long-range results without losing contact with existing realities.

The Communist generally seeks to avoid making martyrs. He is aware that physical force alone will not prevail. His aim is not the elimination of a hostile population but its conversion to Marxism. Nor does he wish to create a "Church of the Catacombs" which would then be beyond his control. His immediate aim is a Church completely dependent upon the state apparatus and fully cut off from international contacts; his ultimate goal is its total destruction. It is the pessimistic conclusion of this authoritative volume that time is on his side behind the two curtains. The evidence indicates that under scientific pressure condemned institutions may carry on for a while, but in the process they will undergo changes in content and in spirit. The Persecuted Church has already been substantially modified, and its ecclesiastical organization either undermined or abolished. The prospects for the future are more alarming. This book was prepared for publication before the recent developments in Gomulka's Poland, but if one accepted all its assumptions there would be no room to hope for any lasting amelioration from this or any other form of

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"National Communism." The future may indeed prove this supposition correct, although those who have studied ideologies and movements of the past will be inclined to enter reservations against such sweeping prophecies.

While this volume would prepare its readers for an even more grim situation in the enslaved Church, it emphasizes our immense debt to those millions of Catholics who have suffered so terribly for their faith. The great schisms and heresies of the past have always contained an element of mystery: how have a Catholic laity and clergy, rooted in the faith for centuries, been so painlessly separated from the unity of the Church by the intervention of the civil power? While historians are ready with their reasons, the ordinary person is amazed by the docility of populations whose religious status was determined by the *cujus regio* of a Saxon Duke or the whim of an English King. The totalitarian regimes of our century have weapons of persuasion infinitely more powerful than a few companies of pike-bearing infantry, and they are more unscrupulous in their use. Yet in our day the response to force has been different from that in the classic cleavages of the fourth, eleventh, or sixteenth centuries. There have been, inevitably, defections in the face of Communist persecution. Yet the rank-and-file Catholics in the persecuted countries have faced their oppressors with silent courage and have bent their backs to the knout rather than surrender their religious heritage. This volume contains a record of resistance that is without parallel in the history of the Church.

NONETHELESS, MANY will question the need of another account of the suffering of those for whom we can now do little else but pray. American readers, particularly, may be surprised at the idea that it is necessary to make an appeal for people to take the whole thing seriously, until they realize that this volume was translated from the French and that the author had in mind that minority of European Catholics who, for domestic political reasons, have been reluctant to accept the reality of Communist persecution of religion. In the English-speaking world argument on this theme may be superfluous. Yet this is the first time that we have had a documented record of the persecution of the Church in all the Communist regimes compressed into a single volume. It is this panoramic view that makes this volume impressive. But this is not its only asset. Its tone is objective, the facts carefully chosen and verified, often from Communist sources.

Commentary in this report is held to a minimum, and necessarily, though unfortunately, there is no analysis of the historical factors and the local circumstances which favored or retarded the persecution. Thus in the case of China, the charges against the Church are recounted, but there is no reference to the profound resentment against the West which this proud people developed in the nineteenth century, nor is there any treatment of the collapse of the old China in the Revolution of 1911, the failure to build any satisfactory substitute in its place, and the ultimately successful marriage of Chinese nationalism and Marxist ideology. Although the result is an outline that needs reference to other sources, these are liberally listed in the bibliography, and the absence of interpretative elements is justified, or the volume would have swollen into an encyclopedia. Equally defensible is the limitation of the account to the Catholic Church, with only passing attention to the treament of other religious groups.

What there is of the latter, however, is sufficient to make an immense impression. The Communist is committed to the destruction of religion in the name of "science," for he holds that religion diverts man from his true end of progress and happiness on earth. He wages war against it in the name of justice, because he contends that religion is the necessary ally of capitalist exploitation. And he vows its extermination in the name of "social progress" since religion helps maintain the oppressed classes in their state of subjection. Imbedded in the Communist doctrine are grounds for a war *à outrance* against all forms of religious belief.

When it comes to applying these principles to existing conditions, this volume shows the variations made necessary by local realities:

The persecution is more immediate and more severe in countries where the Church is in a minority, as in Albania, Bulgaria, and China.

The persecution is more intense from the moment when power is seized against Catholics of the Oriental Rite, as in the Ukraine and Roumania. The persecution is facilitated when, as in these two cases, the Communists can call upon the aid of an Orthodox body in their attack against the Church.

The persecution is never advanced to the point where it would hinder the "sovietization" and the economic development of the country. True to its premises, the Communist sees the ideological conflict as less important than the economic transformation of the subjected area. This priority of the economic explains the easing of religious tension in Hungary from 1953 to 1955 and seems to be a factor in the present Polish *détente*.

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The imperatives of foreign policy will also take precedence over the desire to suppress religion. Thus persecution will be less severe in an exposed situation such as Eastern Germany or at times when the Soviet Union is trying to make a good impression abroad.

Occasionally a Communist regime will deliberately take a harsh set of measures against the Church, and then relax them somewhat to allay popular resentment. This has happened in Czechoslovakia.

It seems possible to detect a coordinated policy among the various Communist regimes in their attack upon the Catholic Church. The author calls this "the technique of the vise": taking a decisive step in one country followed by a period of calm while the same measure is applied successively in the others. When the process is complete, the time has come for the next twist of the screw.

These tactical variations are clearly evident in this volume. Equally perceptible, when the case histories of the several regimes are compared, is the common pattern which follows the general lines worked out in the Soviet Union in the early days of Bolshevik control:

Initially, there is a propaganda campaign to discredit the Church in the eyes of the people, with scandals of the past and present magnified, coarse pamphlets circulated, and incidents in national history revived and distorted. In every historical instance that may be labeled unsavory, the Church is located as the villain. Specifically, she is labeled as the champion of the rich, of capitalism, of Fascism, and in Asia of colonialism. All this bears the Communist hallmark of dividing men into the good and the bad, "we" and "they," without the slightest nuance or qualification. Primitive in its appeal, the technique is clever in its choice of labels to apply to the enemy. It is, of course, utterly unscrupulous. When endlessly repeated in press, radio, cinema, drama, and folk festivals, it has a cumulative effect.

When the ground is sufficiently prepared, the first positive steps are taken. It is well to note the priority of attack, for it reveals the Catholic institutions which the Communist considers of major importance. The list rarely varies: first the Catholic press, to strangle the possibility of effective reply; then all Catholic associations and action groups, particularly those of laymen; then Catholic schools, for Communists realize that it is impossible to stamp out freedom until there is a governmental monopoly of education; then all Catholic social and welfare institutions. There is much food for thought in this choice of targets.

Having crippled the work of the Church in the public life of the nation, the next attempt is to cut it off from contact with Rome. The nuncio is expelled as a foreigner and other contacts with the Pope are impeded. In this connection the recent trip of the Polish Cardinal to the Papal city represents a substantial reversal of policy.

With the destruction of the social influence of the Church, the time has come for an attack upon its basic organization. This is achieved in the great court trials, featuring outstanding leaders confessing to most unpopular crimes, such as conspiracy with foreign enemies. While this is going on in public, numbers of clergy, hierarchy and laymen are being quietly sent to prison or concentration camp.

Having cut down the Church leaders, division is then sowed among the rest by the creation of "Associations of Patriotic Priests" or "Priests for Peace." These are unreservedly supported by the Communist Party. In Poland, the Pax Association had well-stacked bookshops in every town, received ample funds, and issued the only Catholic publications permitted. The fact that these stores sold religious articles would be used as an argument that the regime was not opposed to religion, but only to the "people's enemies." To make the control complete, the few seminaries that are permitted to remain are reorganized and brought under governmental control.

The remaining bishops are now faced with a most painful dilemma: either see the piecemeal dismemberment of the Church or accept a *modus vivendi* offered by the state. If the latter alternative is accepted, as it was in Poland in 1950, there is a solemn signing of Church-State statutes in which the hierarchy guarantee to aid the government in every way in return for a promise of freedom of religious worship. But no sooner are these signed with important propaganda advantages than they are violated with impunity by the government.

One consequence of these statutes is the creation of a Bureau for Ecclesiastical Affairs "to regulate relations between Church and State." In effect, the Bureau, composed exclusively of Party members, imposes on the bishops all nominations to ecclesiastical office from pastors up to diocesan administrators. Those selected are the pliant members of the Patriotic or Peace Associations. If the bishops refuse, the nominations are made anyway and the candidates installed.

Having lost all control of their organization, the bishops are now forced to take "Oaths of Fidelity" to the state and approve all its activities. Opposition is sternly punished. This completes the move against the Church *organization* which the Communist sees as the essence of the Church's strength.

A MELANCHOLY CATALOGUE of just how effective these measures have been can be found in *The Red Book of the Persecuted Church*. The Church structure has been entirely destroyed in the Soviet Union, Estonia, the Ukraine, the Carpatho-Ukraine, Bulgaria, and among Oriental Rite Catholics

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in Roumania; almost so in Latvia, Lithuania, Albania, China, North Korea, and among Latin Catholic Roumanians. In the remaining satellites and in Yugoslavia, the Church has been gravely weakened. As one reads on, there is no question of uniformity of objective and technique.

What is painfully ironic is that the systematic destruction of the Church has been achieved under the cloak of ridding the nation of imperialism, preventing future war, establishing democracy, uncovering reactionary plots, and preserving "separation of Church and State." Those who have made this last shibboleth the essence of their thinking on the role of religion in public life are invited to examine what use can be made of it by the sworn enemies of human freedom.

Sardonic distortions of language abound in this documentary. In 1922 the Bolsheviks decreed the confiscation of all sacred vessels so that the proceeds from their sale could be used for relief of the victims of the famine. The Holy See, which at that time was sending considerable relief supplies into the Soviet Union, offered to pay an equivalent sum of money if the vessels were spared, but the proposal was scorned by the government. When Orthodox and Catholics offered to conduct the sale and administer the relief, the committee which made the proposal were jailed for opposing "the legitimate demands of the government." The execution of the decree led to the arrest of a large number of priests and their indictment on charges such as this: "Juniewicz (a Catholic priest) is accused of having on 25 June 1922 offered resistance in the Church of St. Stanislas in Petrograd when Commissars Kolesnikov and Ivanov were examining the church valuables, and of having shouted 'Get out!' This crime is punishable under Article 62 of the Penal Code."

When, twenty years later, the vise was tightening on the Latvian Catholics, we find church buildings taxed on the same schedule as luxury restaurants and nightclubs, rent demanded for the use of bells, sacred vessels and vestments, taxes collected on every religious ceremony, and priests arrested on charges of "cheating the people" for celebrating a church marriage. As you read along you become aware that George Orwell's *1984* was no fantasy.

There is a place for this book. It is necessary to remind everyone of the immensity of the tragedy that our age has witnessed, and it is helpful as well to correct some of the interpretations advanced while the events were in progress. It would be interesting to have a graduate student compare the documentation in one of these case histories—that of the Soviet Union—with the dispatches filed by our foreign correspondents and printed in our press in the period between the two wars. In any case, we can hope that *Time*'s prediction that this book will become an international best-seller will be realized.

THE SCREEN

THE BLUE GETS WILDER AND YONDER

HOWARD HUGHES' film, "Jet Pilot," made some seven years ago, is at long last on exhibition. In favor of "Jet Pilot," other than its lovely Technicolor shots of planes in flight—shots which often concentrate on two planes cavorting like lovebirds in mid-air—it can be said that it avoids the usual movie cliché showing a wife wringing her hands on earth while her husband risks his neck in the sky. But this can be only slight praise since Jules Furthman's script revives an even older dodo. Janet Leigh plays a spy and John Wayne a counterspy in a romance that hampers their patriotic duties considerably.

With a nod to "Ninotchka" and all the other films about Russians who are won to Americans by the accoutrements of capitalism, "Jet Pilot" has John, as a U.S. Air Force colonel, escorting Janet, as a Soviet Air Force lieutenant, around the West Coast to show off this country and incidentally to find out her real purpose. The escorting leads to courtship, much of which takes place up in the air. It is not until after they are married, however, that John discovers he's tied to a Mata Hari. So, pretending to help her escape to Russia, he flies her back and hangs around for a little counterspying on his own. If you're still with this nonsense, you're in for several more jokes. It is hard to believe that Director Joseph von Sternberg, who used to handle Marlene Dietrich so well, took his assignment very seriously. And it is even more difficult to think that any audience will.

FOR MATURE filmgoers the Greeks have sent over a picture that makes Hollywood stuff look like child's play. "A Girl in Black" is an intensely interesting study of man's inhumanity to man; perhaps at times it is too intense and occasionally its melodrama gets out of hand; but Director Michael Cacoyannis has caught well the spirit of tragedy and the feel of people and place. The story, with a script also written by Cacoyannis, tells of a sad and lonely girl (beautifully played by Ellie Lambetti) whose sister committed suicide, whose widowed mother cannot resist rendezvous with a lover, whose ineffectual brother is driven by the taunts of neighbors to avenge the family honor. Mourning does indeed become this Electra who always wears black and who has given up all hope of happiness. But into her life come two men who are vacationing on this sunny island of Hydra and have rented rooms in her mother's once-elegant, now-seedy house.

The two men—a writer (Dimitri Horn) and an architect (Notis Pergialis)—struck with the beauty of

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the sad girl in black, almost succeed in drawing her out of her fatalistic shell. She, unfortunately, is attracted to the younger, handsome, self-centered writer. Their friendship blossoms into love, but their happiness is cut short by a group of young men around town, one of whom is also in love with the girl in black and was partly responsible for her sister's suicide. If this group of men were younger, one would call them juvenile delinquents; in their willful meanness they behave rather like a Greek chorus of demons. The sharp black-and-white photography of the Island of Hydra is stunning and well-suited to the painful scenes that follow. Cacoyannis spares no feelings with his raw, unpretty picture, but his characters do have a certain dignity as they undergo their torments and they manage to move us deeply.

PERHAPS it is this same dignity that is missing from Joan Crawford's new movie. "The Golden Virgin" starts out well with Joan playing a wealthy Boston socialite who visits her birthplace in Ireland, rescues a young girl (Heather Sears) who is deaf, dumb and blind, and takes her back to America where both she and the girl enroll in a school for the deaf-blind. After a long period of training the girl responds to treatment, and learns to read and write. Joan and she travel from place to place, gradually become quite famous and make piles of dough for sweet charity.

So far so good. But then Joan's estranged husband (Rossano Brazzi making like a villain) comes into the scene and persuades Joan they should start a Fund. Unable to resist her handsome husband, Joan agrees. In no time he is exploiting the girl and making big money—for himself. The exploitation and elaborate publicity scenes are quite well done, but the movie, not content to let well enough alone, turns into melodrama at this point—melodrama of the cheapest kind with the husband ravishing the girl and Joan destroying herself and him. Not having read Nicholas Monsarrat's book, *The Story of Esther Costello,* on which this is based, I can't tell how faithfully it follows his intentions, but it seems safe to say that few people could have intentions as bad as this movie.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"THE ENTHUSIASTS"

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Mr. Cogley begins his article, "The Enthusiasts" [Aug. 2], by mentioning a book by H. Richard Niebuhr, in which that Protestant theologian distinguishes between sect and church. Mr. Cogley says that "even for a Catholic the distinction can be useful," and devotes his article to the subject.

From Mr. Cogley's article, it appears that the topic treated by Mr. Niebuhr is the same as that which has been examined at length by Monsignor Ronald Knox, in his book entitled *Enthusiasm.* In his introduction to this book, Monsignor Knox calls the work his *magnum opus,* and Evelyn Waugh, to whom the book is dedicated, calls it the outstanding volume of this century. Readers interested in a Catholic work which pursues Mr. Cogley's subject extensively might be interested in consulting this book.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Glendale, Arizona.

TO the Editors: Thank you for printing my letter in your September 6 issue, though it would have read better had the word "not" not been accidentally left out of my sentence: "The C. W. people are definitely *not* utopian. . . ."

WALTER D. DOUGLAS.

It would indeed. Our apologies to Mr. Douglas for the unfortunate typographical error, and our thanks for the mild tone he maintained under severe provocation. THE EDITORS.

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Most Fascinating Case in Modern Times

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT. By Douglas Woodruff. Farrar, Straus. $4.75.

THE TICHBORNE IMPOSTOR. By Geddes MacGregor. Lippincott. $3.95.

By JAMES GREENE

WHEN THE *BELLA*, a ship carrying coffee from Brazil to New York, vanished from the face of the earth in April of 1854, presumably with all hands lost, the event caused little stir even in shipping circles. But years later the question of the fate of the ship, and more particularly of an English passenger aboard her, was to divide all England into two hostile camps and give rise to the most expensive, complicated and puzzling case in the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

For aboard the *Bella* had been Roger Tichborne, young heir to the immensely rich Doughty-Tichborne estates. With the ship's disappearance, Roger's death was accepted as a fact by everyone except the heir's mother, the stubborn and notoriously willful Lady Tichborne. Against all family advice Lady Tichborne placed advertisements in newspapers offering a reward for news of her "lost" son.

Her efforts were successful, after a fashion, in 1865. Out of the distant Australian bush came a man claiming to be the Tichborne heir. Granted that a person reappearing under these circumstances would have a strange story to tell, few people could have been prepared for the wildly improbable history presented by the Australian to account for eleven years—a history which included shipwreck, rescue, long periods of living under aliases and, ultimately, debts and a return to his original and more solvent identity. But he was accepted by some persons who had known the earlier Roger Tichborne, most notably (if also most suspiciously) by Lady Tichborne herself. He was rejected, however, by the people who mattered most and, as the Claimant's champions point out, the people who had the most to lose should the Claimant's story be true —the owner of the Doughty-Tichborne estates.

The story of how the "Claimant" attempted to establish his identity as the missing heir over a period of three decades is told in exhaustive detail in Douglas Woodruff's study. Mr. Woodruff has collected all the known facts in the case, both those favoring and those disfavoring the Claimant and he has arranged them in an eminently readable order. He is, I believe, the first writer on the subject to have access to all the relevant documents, including the Tichborne family papers. After citing the remark that the Claimant's story "incredible if it was true, was yet more incredible if it was false," Mr. Woodruff adds that he "cannot improve upon that succinct summary."

In an independent and much less ambitious study on the same subject, Geddes Macgregor dismisses all such fence-sitting and names his book *The Tichborne Impostor*. Because his mind is made up, Mr. Macgregor's book will be far more entertaining than Woodruff's for the general reader. For those who like a whodunit, however, Mr. Woodruff's careful analysis of what he calls "a Victorian mystery" will provide a true story equal to the most imaginative of fictional yarns.

In Mr. MacGregor's view the Claimant's true identity is not Roger Tichborne but Arthur Orton, a tremendously cunning opportunist who began his impersonation with the hope of acquiring small sums from a deluded woman in far-off England. But as he acquired more and more information about the dead Roger, Orton grew bolder until he went to England and instituted suit in the British civil courts to regain "his" lands. He lost this suit and was prosecuted by the Crown for forgery and perjury, winding up ultimately where Mr. MacGregor earnestly believes he belonged—in jail.

I confess I came away from Mr. MacGregor's book (which I read first) convinced that the Claimant was indeed an "impostor." But that judgment was an unquiet one: how was one to explain the family facts the Claimant did know, or the recognition he received from some of Roger's old friends? Here Mr. Woodruff steps in and places the case in its baffling entirety before us. And he provides the historical and social contexts that go with it. Although he does not come out either for or against the Claimant, Mr. Woodruff gives a very stiff defense for him.

From his scholarly work it is possible to derive several views of the Claimant, and one of them could be this: Somehow Roger managed to get to Australia (there is a great deal of evidence that Tichborne *was* in Australia after the date of the *Bella*'s disappearance) where he decided to begin life anew.

During his rough frontier life the young man committed some acts that were punishable under law and this fact later made him hesitate in accounting for his past with strict candor. He also, so this theory goes, lost much of his breeding and forgot many of the details of his early life in France and England that later were crucial for establishing his identity. Supporting this surmise is the fact that the Claimant, after his return to civilization and up to his death, recalled new details of his early life. These were details that only the true Roger could have been expected to know.

Whatever final decision one might make regarding the Claimant himself, the effect of the case upon the English populace is a fascinating bit of social history. For the vehemence with which the Tichbornes and the body of the English upper classes rejected the Claimant aroused the newly enfranchised working classes. These latter, none too logically, took the Claimant as one of their own and supported his claim that he was *not* one of them. In the criminal trial for perjury and

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forgery the Government expended huge sums of money to win conviction. The populace, with the Claimant's urging, saw this effort as a perversion of the venerable courts of justice to make them an instrument of vengeance for the privileged classes.

It is impossible to review even briefly the facts as they were brought out in the two trials. The case now stands substantially where it stood at the Claimant's death in 1898. A huge mass of circumstantial evidence on one side is balanced by an equal amount of the same type of evidence on the other. Predilections, more than facts, seem to decide which side people took on the issue. But whether justice or injustice was done, the case is one of the most fascinating in modern times. It made and broke reputations by the score and nearly plunged the British into civil war. Mr. Woodruff performs an added service in pointing up how difficult it can be to find the paths of justice in cases which become, as did this, battlefields for larger social issues.

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The Character of Christian Democracy

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY IN WESTERN EUROPE, 1820-1953. By Michael P. Fogarty. Notre Dame. $6.75.

By FRANCIS E. McMAHON

THE LATE Anne O'Hare McCormick of the New York *Times* was one of the very few American journalists who knew what Christian Democracy was all about. She once expressed the wish that someone would undertake a systematic study of the movement. Misunderstanding of Christian Democracy was widespread in governmental, journalistic, academic and labor circles in this country. It still is. Mrs. McCormick would have welcomed the work of Professor Fogarty. It is bound to clear up a lot of misconceptions. Its author heads the Department of Industrial Relations at University College, Cardiff, Wales, and was for many years a fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford. In 1956 he was visiting Professor of Economics at the University of Notre Dame.

What one admires chiefly about this work, apart from the evident scholarship, is its comprehensive character. Mr. Fogarty is not bogged down in his own specialty. As a result, he offers a multi-dimensional study of Christian Democracy. Its historical roots are investigated and its theological assumptions laid bare. Occasionally, he falters a bit in the higher reaches of theology and philosophy, but his essential intuitions are sound. He assesses not only the political expressions of Christian Democracy, but also its social forms: the labor organizations and the youth groups, for example. The contributions of Catholics and Protestants—these latter have played a more significant role than is generally realized—are examined with admirable objectivity.

Basic to the whole character of Christian Democracy—the author lays special emphasis upon this—is the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual orders. Christian Democracy is not a religious movement, though it is the fruit of religious inspiration. It is directly concerned with the workaday world. The layman assumes the initiative here, and he must bear the responsibility. As the author demonstrates, this vital distinction was not clearly drawn by many clergy and laity during the development of Christian Democracy, though it corresponds clearly to the teaching of the Church. Lamennais apparently did not draw it too well. Even granting a certain insensitivity among Roman prelates to the positive values of democracy early in the nineteenth century, the fact remains that Lamennais confused religion with politics. The author could have spelled this out more clearly. The same charge can be made against Marc Sangnier, leader of the *Sillon,* though Sangnier was a much humbler man than Lamennais. Both lacked an adequate theological and philosophical formation.

On the other hand, Church authorities in Germany may have overreached themselves in the 1880's during the quarrel with Bismarck. The Bishops promised Bismarck that the Center Party would vote for the Chancellor's military budget if certain anti-religious laws were repealed. Upon learning of this, the leaders of the Center expressed their dissent. They were opposed to Bismarck's budget. Reaffirming their complete support of the religious authorities as regards legislation affecting the Church's freedom, they declared nevertheless that "it is absolutely impossible for the Center to accept directives in matters of non-ecclesiastical legislation." The matter was dropped. It has taken a century for Catholics to catch up with Catholic doctrine regarding the relations between religion and politics.

And it took considerable time for the Christian political groupings in Europe to cease regarding the past nostalgically and to face the present and future in a progressive spirit. That spirit now informs, in varying degrees, the Christian Democratic parties on the Continent. Mr. Fogarty analyzes in depth the parties which have emerged in eight

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countries. He finds differences in strategy and tactics, but withal a common basis of principle. The parties defend the fundamental liberties of religious belief, speech and press. In addition, they place a unique stress upon the dignity of the human person. They insist upon the fullest possible autonomy for subordinate social groups compatible with the general welfare. European legislation in behalf of the family — it was promoted by the Christian Democrats—reflects their doctrinal emphasis.

The author gives a good deal of attention to the Christian labor movements. Their growth has paralleled that of the political parties. There is, however, no organic link between the two groupings, only a more or less formal liaison. Harmony has not always reigned, despite a common inspiration. Mutual understanding and respect, however, have grown during recent decades. An exception is to be found in France, where the Christian trade unionists have lately expressed dissatisfaction with the policies of the Popular Republican Movement.

What does the future hold for Christian Democracy? Mr. Fogarty suggests that the time may be arriving for a recasting of the present political and economic forms of the movement. As presently constituted, he believes, Christian Democracy has probably achieved its maximum influence. Some Christian Democrats have been debating the possible advantages of supporting a neutral party that would appeal to all shades of progressive opinion, Communists excepted. There are obstacles to such a course, not the least of which is the persistence of an archaic anti-clericalism in Socialist ranks. But these speculations are long-range. The author foresees no immediate changes.

The final chapter is concerned with Christian Democracy in the perspective of the history of the Christian Church. It is a masterful summary, even though it may fail here and there to equal, in precision and philosophical depth, the corresponding syntheses of Sturzo and Maritain. But it would be unfair to press any points of weakness. Our man, after all, is an economist, not a philosopher of history. On the whole he has done, here as everywhere else, a magnificent job.

Circle of Hate

SOJOURN OF A STRANGER. By Walter Sullivan. Holt. $3.95

By JOHN COURNOS

INJUSTICE breeds resentment, resentment breeds injustice. Unless one or the other stops somewhere, the circle can go on *ad infinitum*. And there is that other circle, the circle of love, without beginning or end, symbolized by the ring. Mr. Sullivan's arresting first novel gives rise to thoughts like these. Though laid in the South, just prior to and during the Civil War, *Sojourn of a Stranger* is of singular pertinence for our own time, more particularly for the South, but by no means excluding the North. It touches not so much on the segregation of the many as the integration of the few who in earlier days, as in our own, managed to pass over the color line, and thereafter remained "sojourners" in one camp or the other.

In this story, Allen Hendrick, a well-principled and attractive young man, of a fair complexion which lends no suspicion of an octoroon mother, is in love with Kate, the daughter of a neighboring planter. She returns his love to the full, even when it is revealed that he has in his veins the blood of an octoroon mother. But when the truth is known, his charming and beautiful mother becomes "nigger" to the entire white community.

Blinded by hatred and the desire for revenge, Allen plunges into the maelstrom of the war and feeds his hatred on its violence. After the war, the futility of his revenge is underscored by the destruction of the manorial house and the refusal of Kate to marry a man shaped by hatred.

This is a competent, thoughtful, well-written novel, by one who knows his Tennessee, where most of its action is laid. Its mood of

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reasoned and reasonable detachment is to be commended, and speaks auspiciously for the novelist's future.

Behind the Mask

A TOUCH OF THE POET. By Eugene O'Neill. Yale. $3.75.

By GERALD WEALES

THE LATEST Eugene O'Neill play to be published, "A Touch of the Poet," is concerned primarily with the identity of its protagonist, Cornelius Melody, once an officer under the Duke of Wellington, now reduced to the proprietorship of an unsuccessful tavern near Boston. The son of an Irish peasant who turned cunning into a fortune, Melody was educated as a gentleman; in America (the play is set in 1828), unaccepted by the Yankee gentry and unwilling to be accepted by the poor Irish immigrants, Melody lives on the myth of his being an officer and a gentleman.

With "no future but the past," as he says, Melody feeds on the memories of his bravery at the battle of Talavera and his gallantries with the Spanish and Portuguese ladies of quality. He casts himself as a Byronic hero (he likes to stand before the mirror and recite, "I have not loved the World, nor the World me . . . "), but it is a pose that is sustained by alcohol. The climax of the play comes on the anniversary of Talavera. Dressed in his splendid uniform, he goes off to defend his daughter's honor from an insult offered by the father of the man she loves. Instead of the duel that he wants or the apology that he would accept, he finds himself involved in a brawl with servants and the police. When he returns he is the drunken Irishman that the Yankee Harfords have considered him. The regimental swagger has become a shuffle, the careful articulation has thickened into a brogue. The major is dead; the Irish barkeep is born. One mask is exchanged for another.

The death of Cornelius Melody's pride is played, as one would expect in an O'Neill play, against an intricate web of family relationships. His wife, the peasant girl whom he loved, got pregnant and married, has aged working for him and has become the butt of much of his abuse. Every evidence of her love or protectiveness for him both pleases and angers him. She has become his excuse for his condition; part of the portrait of the fallen major is the gentleman who married beneath him.

Although Nora's presence is a continual denial of Melody's pretense, it is his daughter Sara, so much like him, who fights an active battle against the role that he assumes. Bitter and sharp-tongued, the twenty-year-old Sara resents, as Nora does not, the part of semi-servant that Melody has forced on his wife. In her way, Sara too loves her father's past, but she despises him because he retains only the memory of his former qualities, because he has not been able to convert them into an equivalent that would give the family a position in Massachusetts to equal the rank that the pride of both father and daughter insist is rightly theirs.

Throughout the play, both Sara and her father make attempts to reach one another, to communicate their love and their need of understanding, but the bitterness of Sara and the pride of Melody always stop the gestures short of completion, like the terrible, tentative attempts at affection that flicker and die all through "Long Day's Journey Into Night." Sara insists that Melody should face reality, that he should look into his beloved mirror and see himself as he really is.

When at last he sees that Major Melody is dead, that there is no place for that particular kind of romantic in a Boston tavern, he finds not the strength that his daughter supposed must lie beyond recognition, but another disguise and one that horrifies Sara as much as his early pretense has. Yet, the play does not end in despair. The man is shattered, but there is the suggestion that his love for Nora and hers for him can be a comfort

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when there is no longer pride to stand between them. Sara's escape is more ambiguous. She assures her marriage to young Harford by allowing him to seduce her, and she seems to be heading for the happy future that she wants; but she carries into that future the fact that she is Melody's daughter and that she, like him, is attracted to illusions.

"A Touch of the Poet" has all the familiar O'Neill characteristics. There are, for instance, the awkward, bald exposition at the beginning and the nagging sense of insufficient language (here so much of the playwright's stage Irish). More importantly, there are characters who live in and of their reactions to one another and scenes that often approach beauty. Such a scene comes at the beginning of Act Four where Sara's almost lyric attempt to tell her mother what has just passed with young Harford is interspersed with Nora's worried wonderings about the absent Melody. The beauty lies not in the words, but in the contrast between and the likeness of the two women.

It is on the character of Con Melody, however, that the play stands or falls. And it stands. Melody is not a pleasant character; there is so much cruelty and pettiness in his image of himself as a gentleman that the audience is likely to suspect that only Nora could love him. I read through the play, feeling, like Sara, that he ought to get his comeuppance, that he ought finally to face himself, and when the transmutation came I was as horrified as she was. O'Neill has managed to create an unlikeable character whose final collapse is strangely moving.

REVIEWERS

James Greene, a frequent contributor, is European editor of *Business International*.

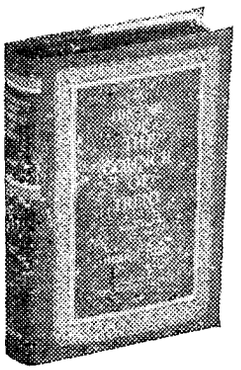
Francis E. McMahon, author of *A Catholic Looks at the World*, served for several years as a foreign correspondent in Europe.

John Cournos is a well-known critic and anthologist.

Gerald Weales, a member of the faculty at Brown University, is a frequent contributor to The Commonweal and other magazines.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT

VOLUME I



by HUBERT JEDIN

Translated by
Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B.

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